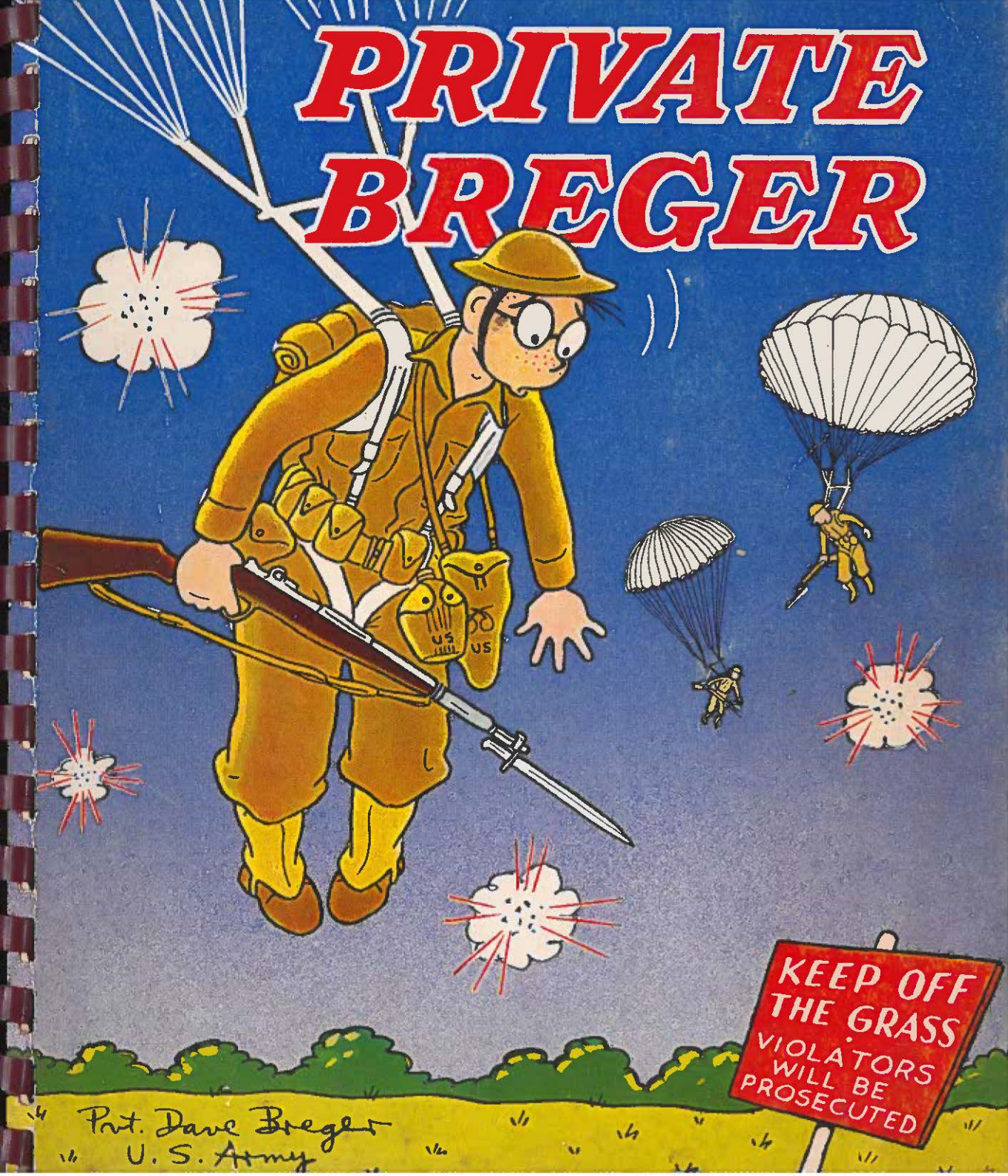
PRIVATE BREGER



Pvt. Dave Breger
U. S. Army

PRIVATE BREGER

HIS ADVENTURES IN AN ARMY CAMP

By

Dave Breger

Private, U. S. Army

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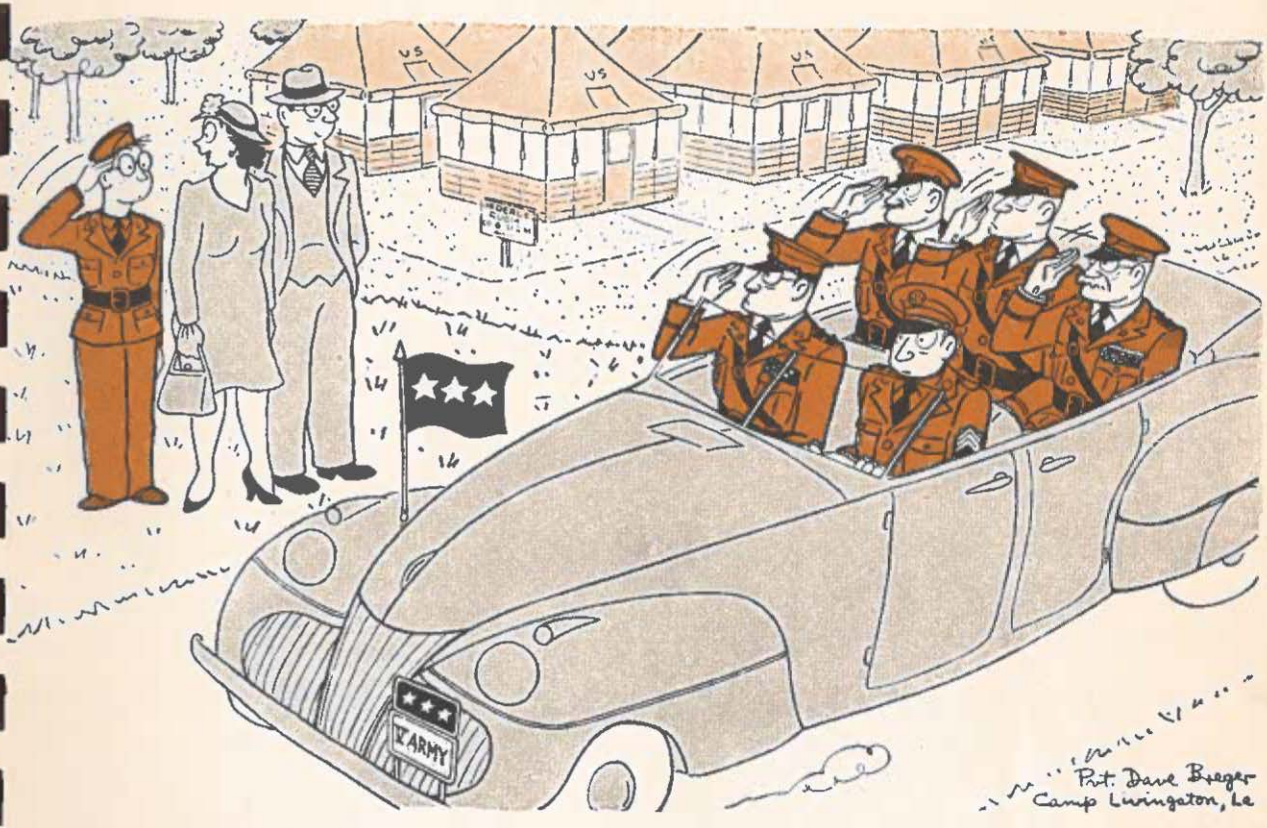
FAMILY VISIT

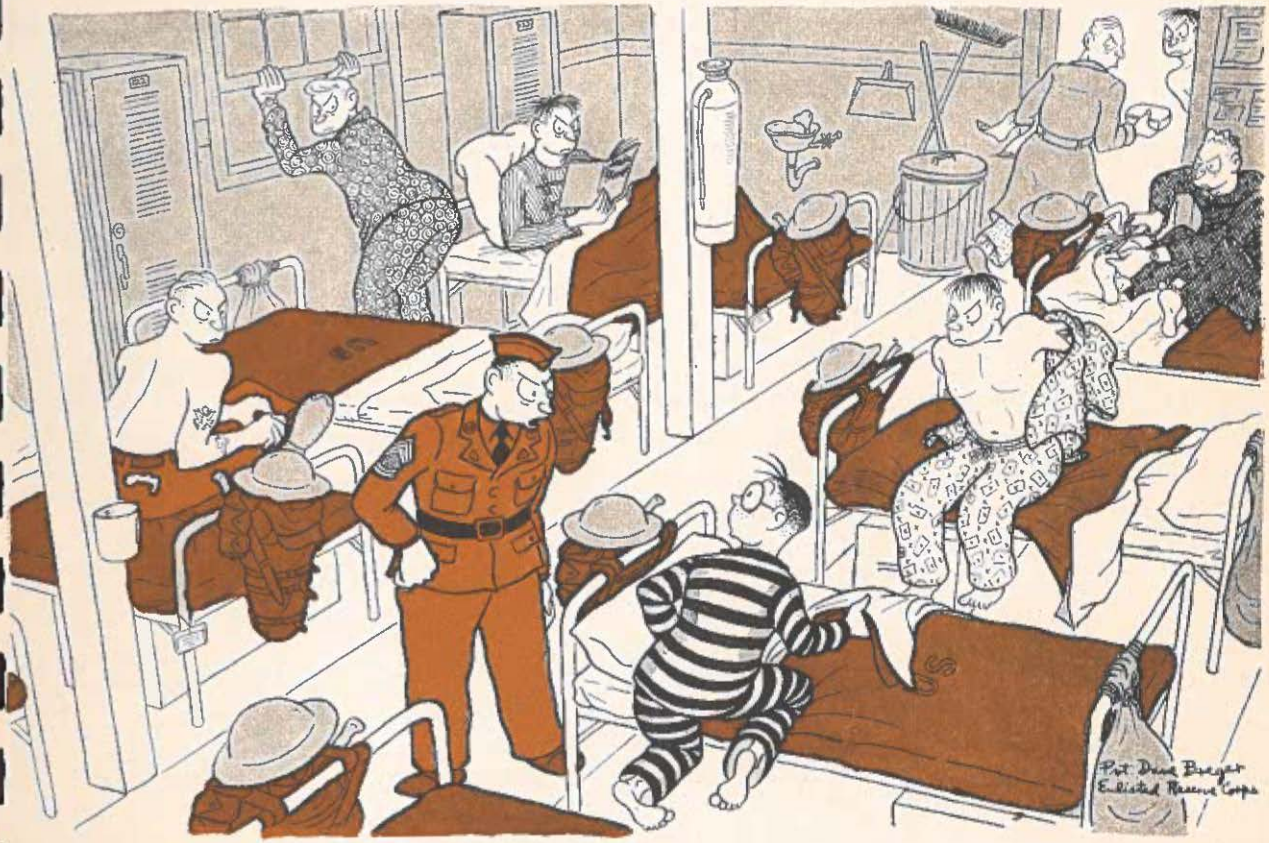


"My, David, but you've made some awfully nice friends in the short time you've been here!"

TENT MAINTENANCE

"Strange, sir! He disappeared right after we rolled up the tent flaps!"

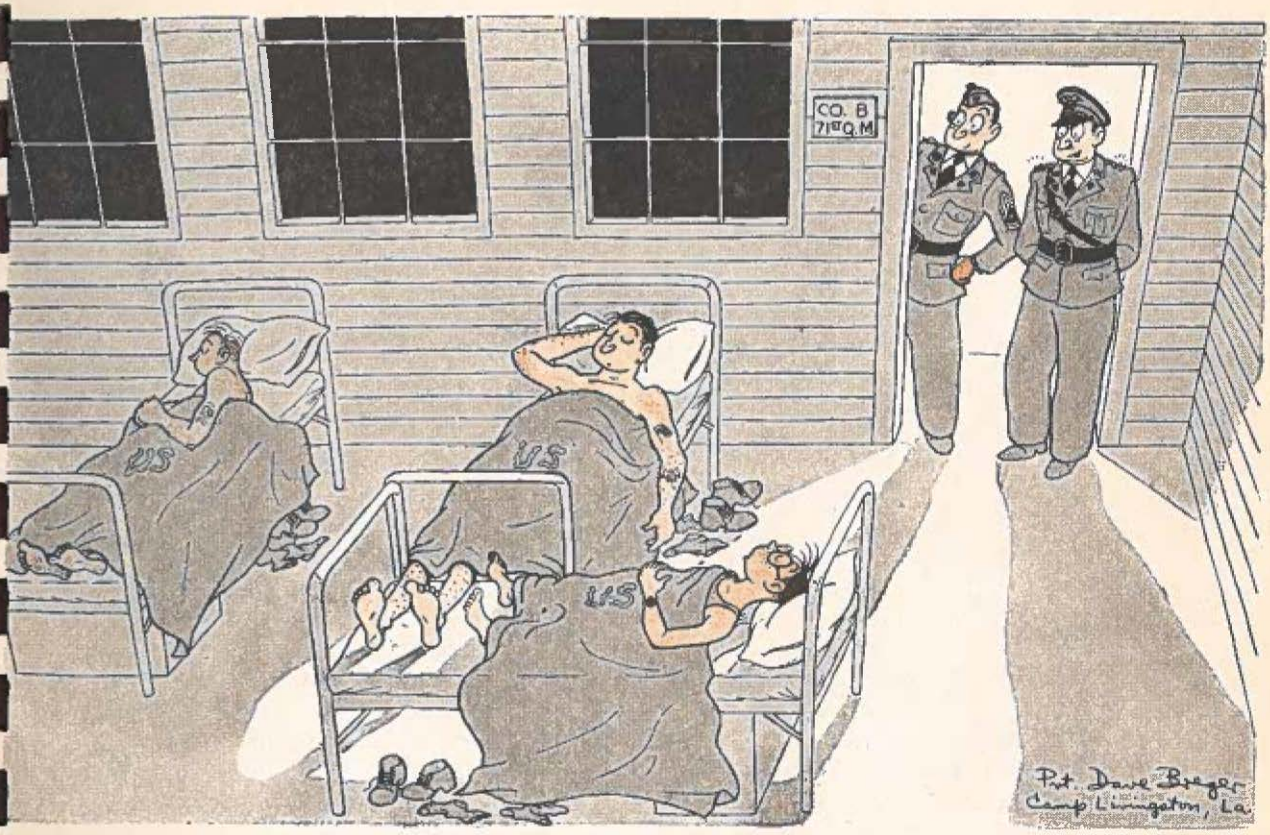
"Do you think it's quite safe to let our soldiers sleep in these times?"



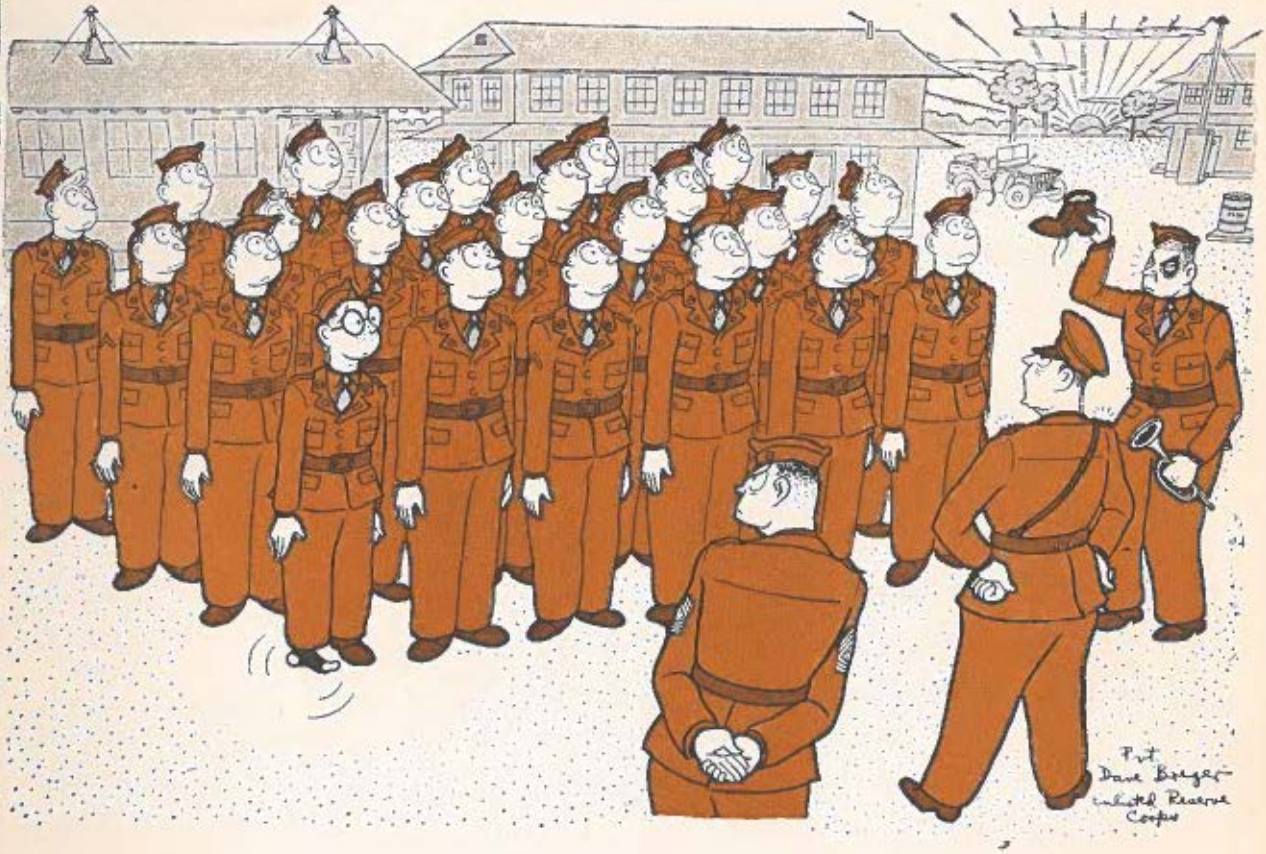
"The men feel their morale would be improved if you'd wear some other kind of pajamas."

MESS HALL

"They won't let me sit down any place because I make the thirteenth at each table!"



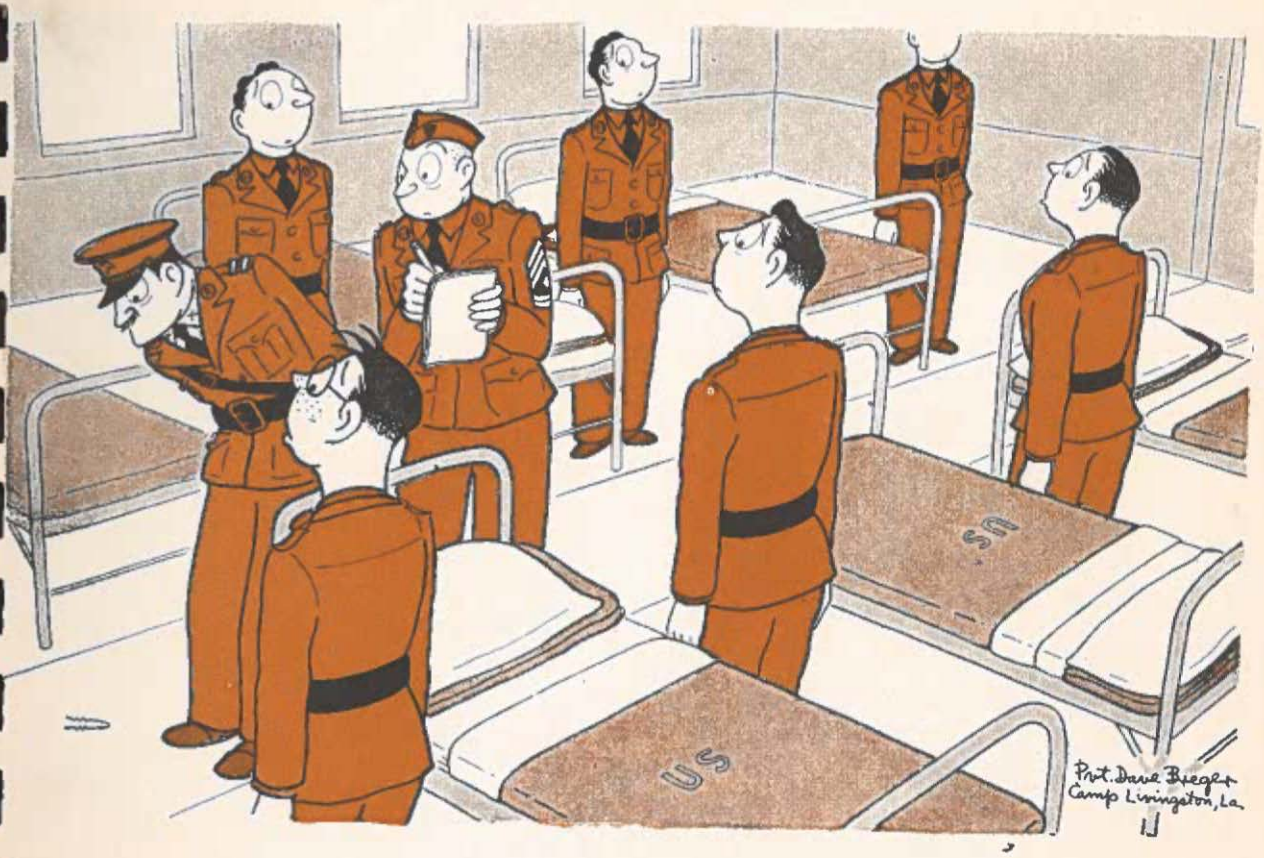
"Sergeant, I must commend the fine spirit of co-operation in your men!"



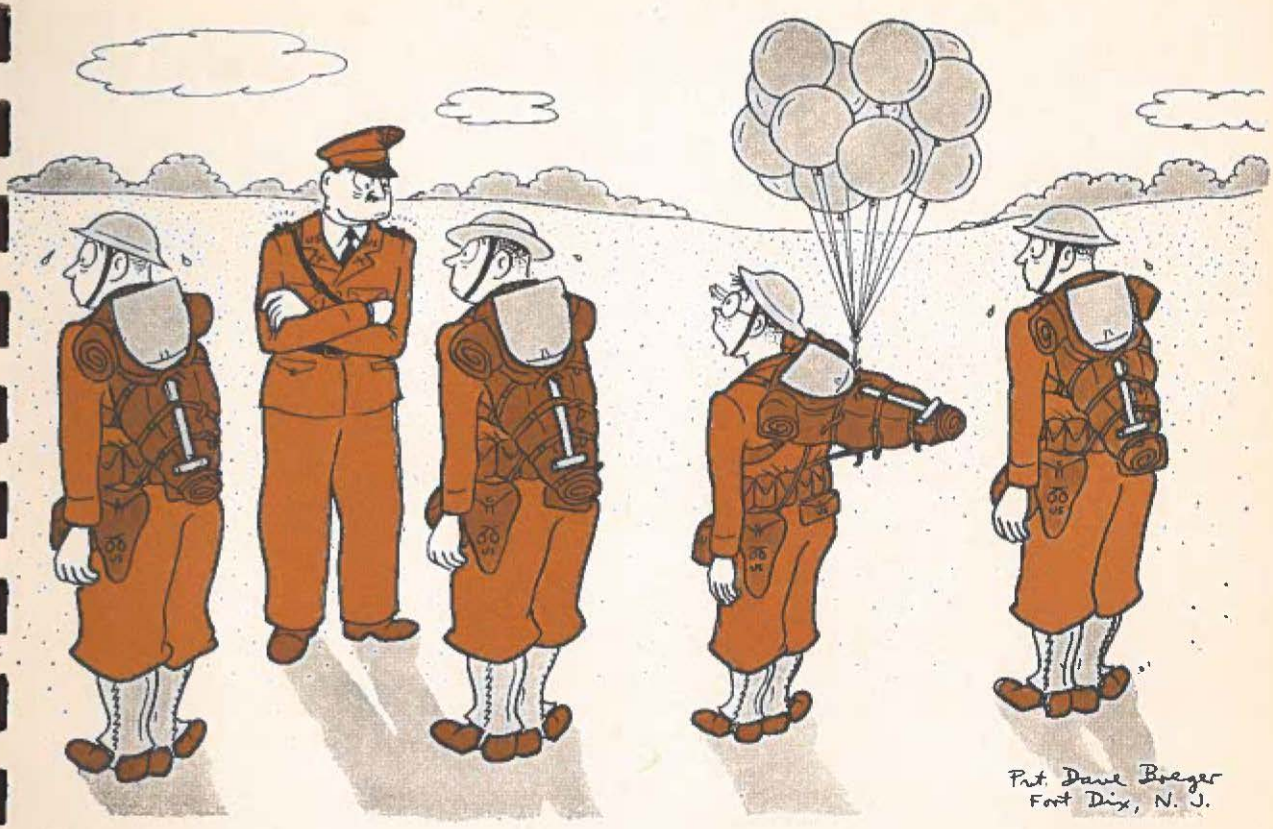
"All right, men, someone threw a shoe at the bugler. . . ."

"All he wants to know is, where do you cut the notches?"

INSPECTION

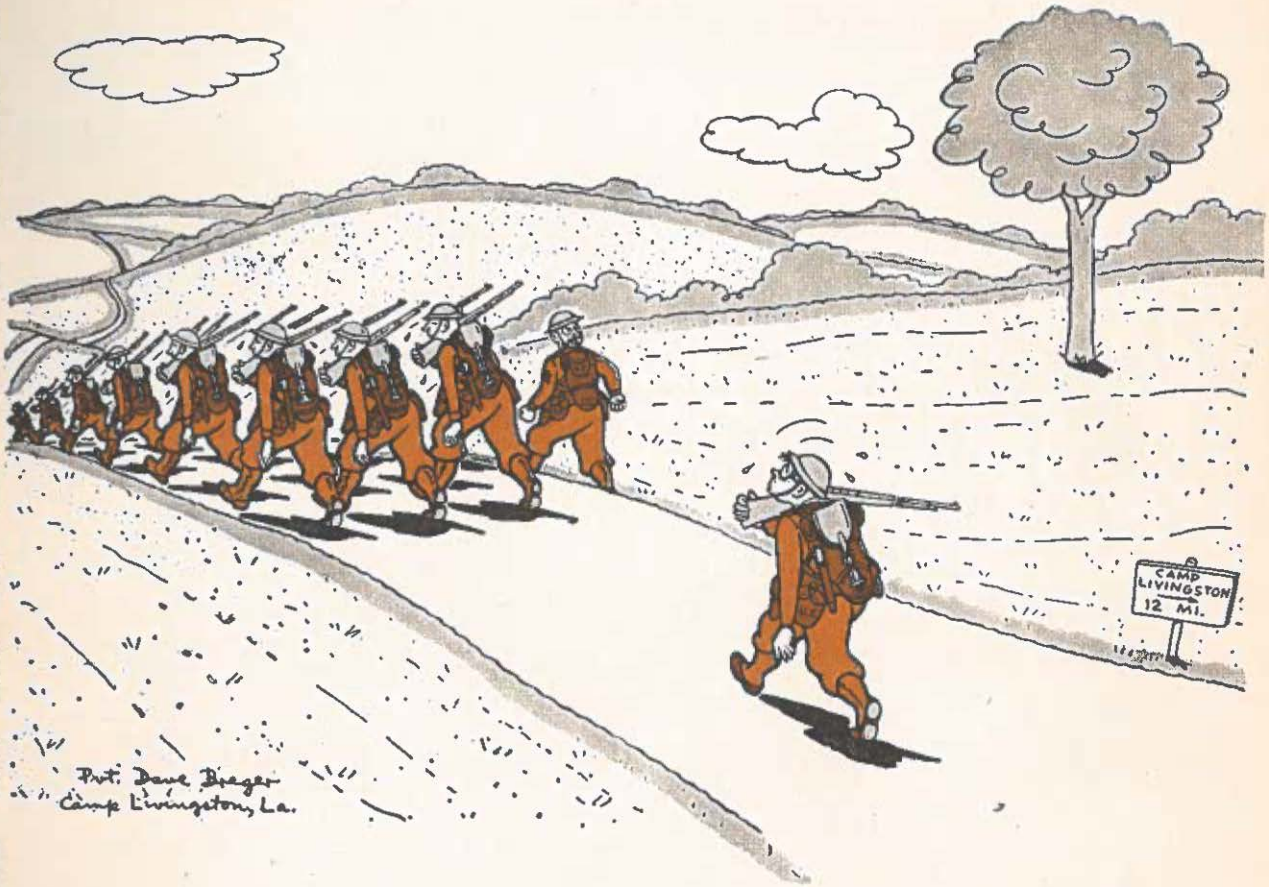


FULL-PACK DRILL



"I found one hook on the pack wasn't being used for anything, sir!"

FIFTEEN-MILE MARCH

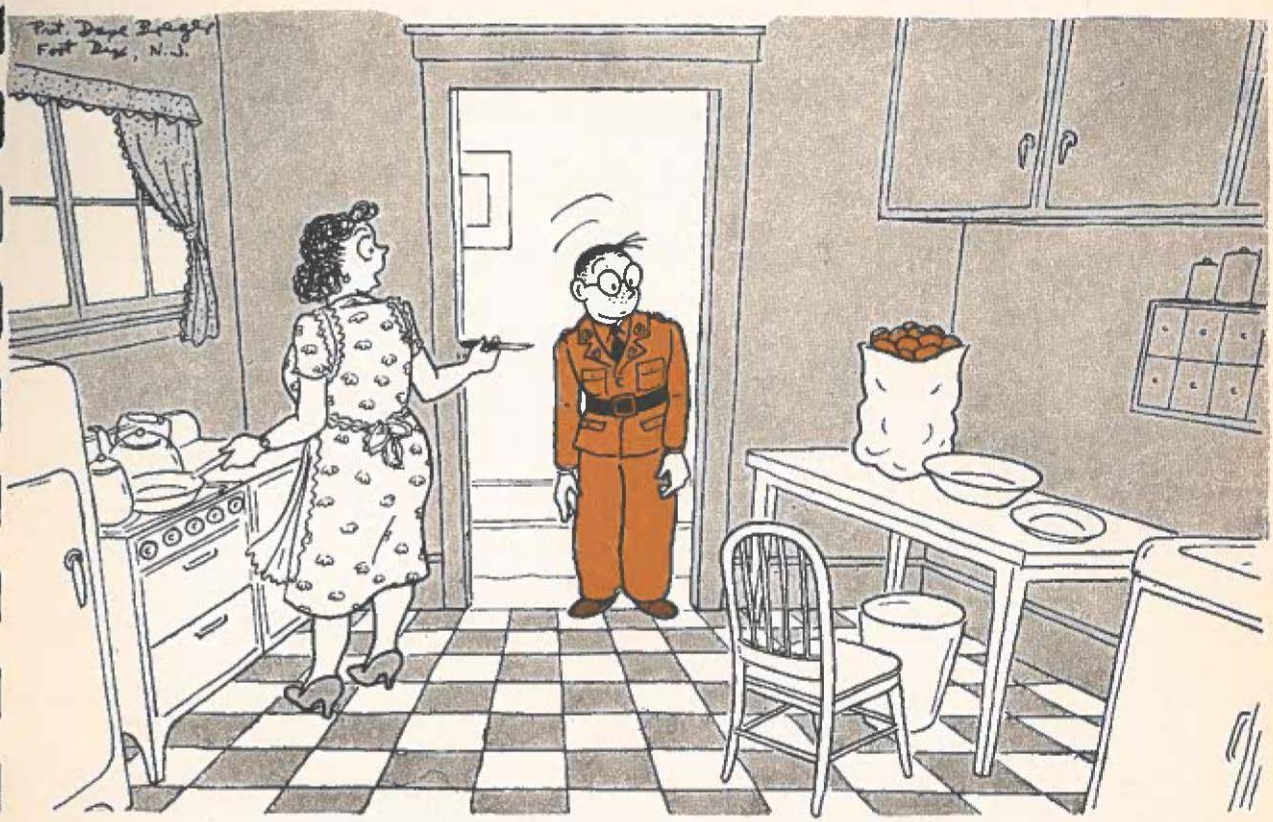


"Hep! Two! Three! Four! Hey, YOU—get in step!"

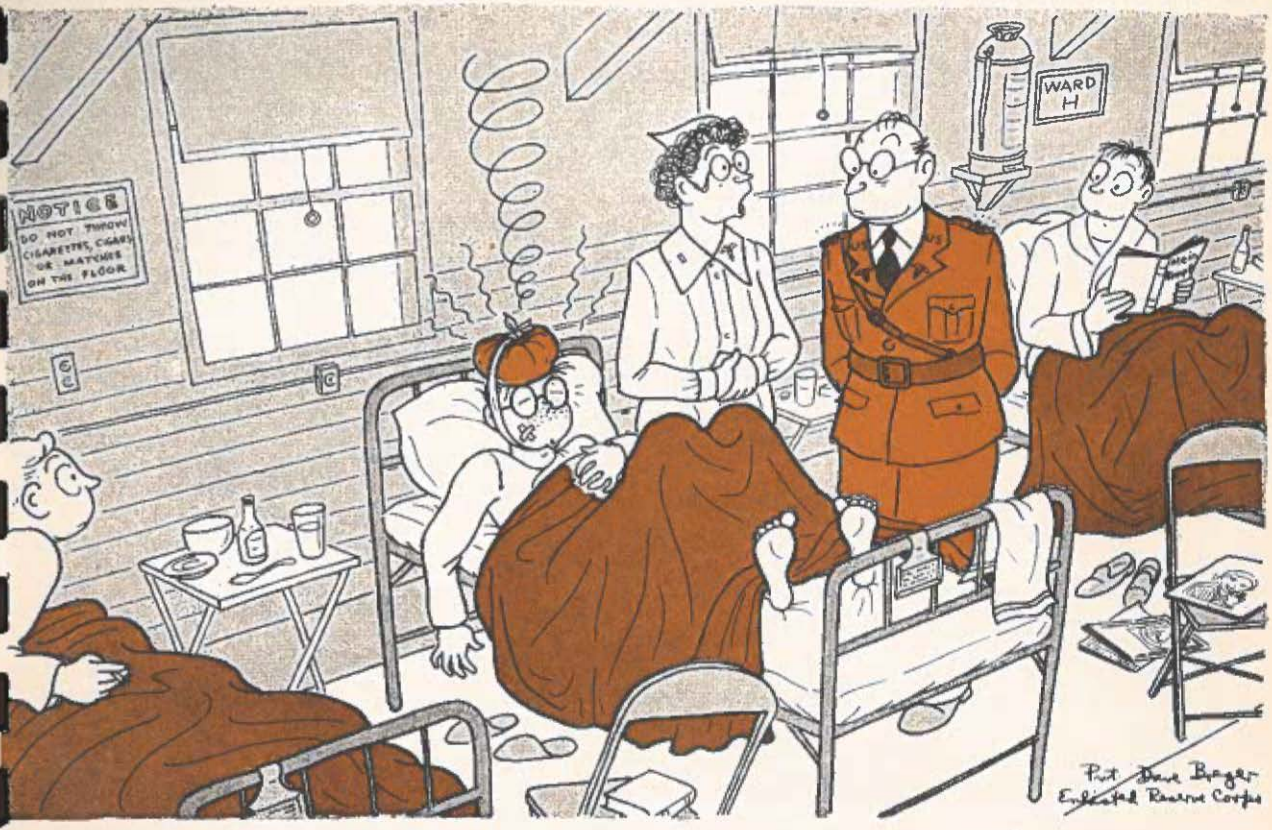
MAIL CALL

*"Another blank page from my girl—
she's not on speaking terms with me!"*

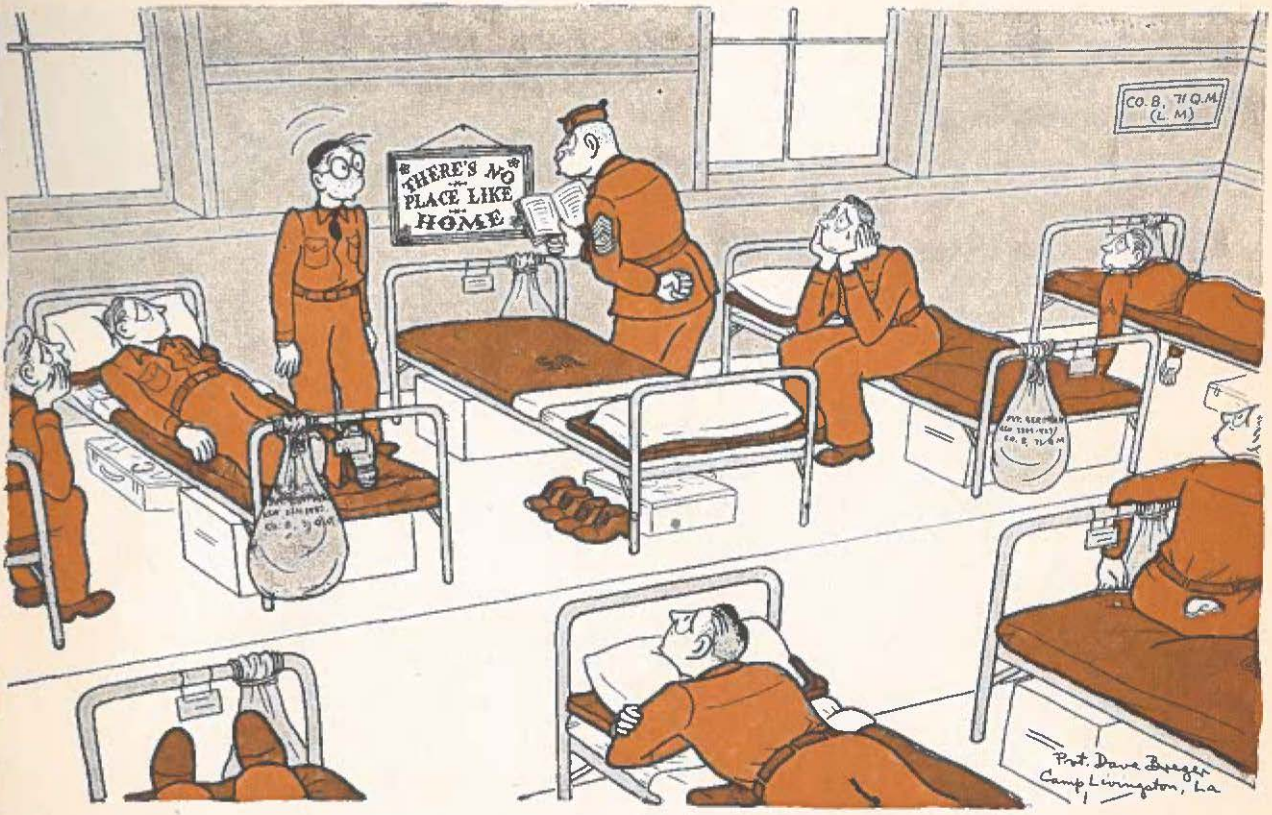
"And is the food very much different in the Army, David?"



"Here, dear, will you help Mother and peel some potatoes?"

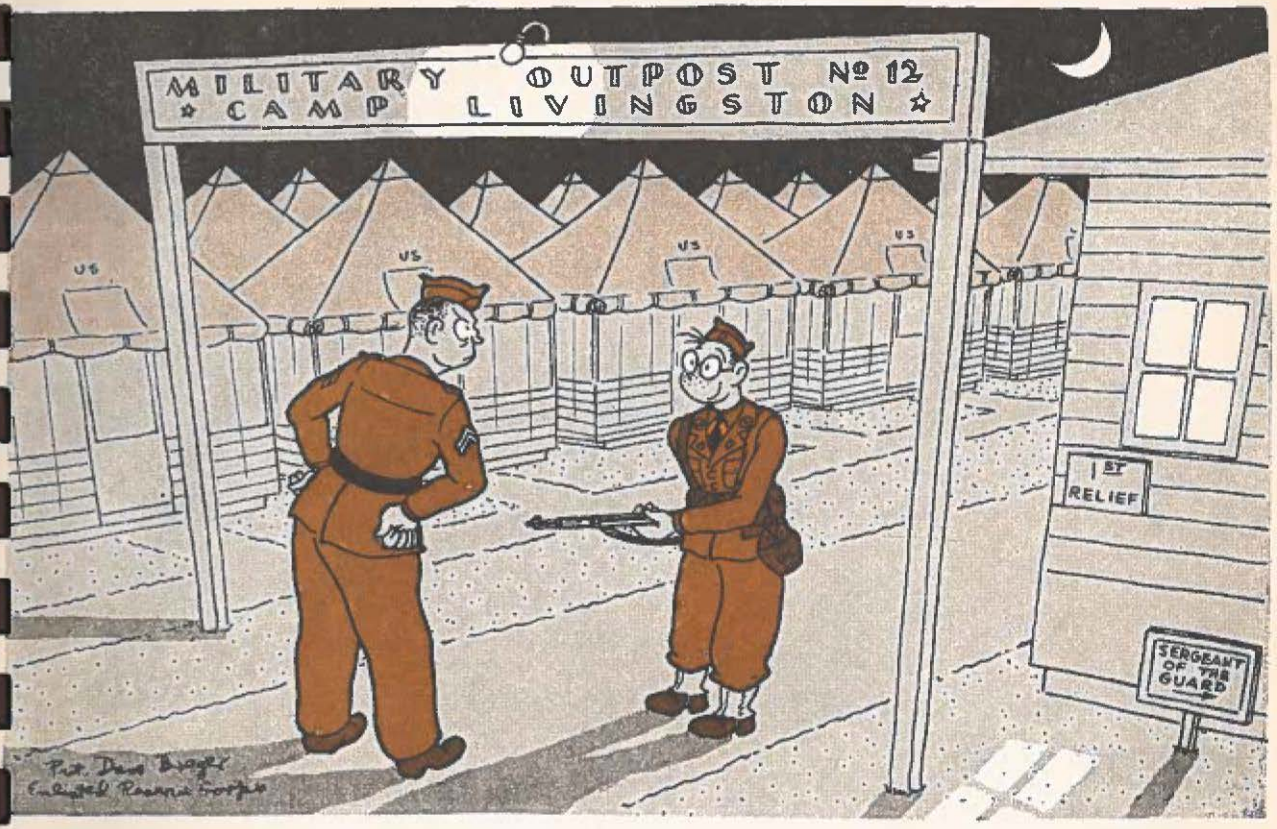


"He says it's the Army's fault, because he never had to go on furlough in CIVILIAN life!"



"Section 66, Articles of War inciting to Mutiny . . . "

NIGHT GUARD



"BEST way to prove you're 'Friend' is to let me have five bucks till pay day!"

RED PENNINGTON

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MR. MIND

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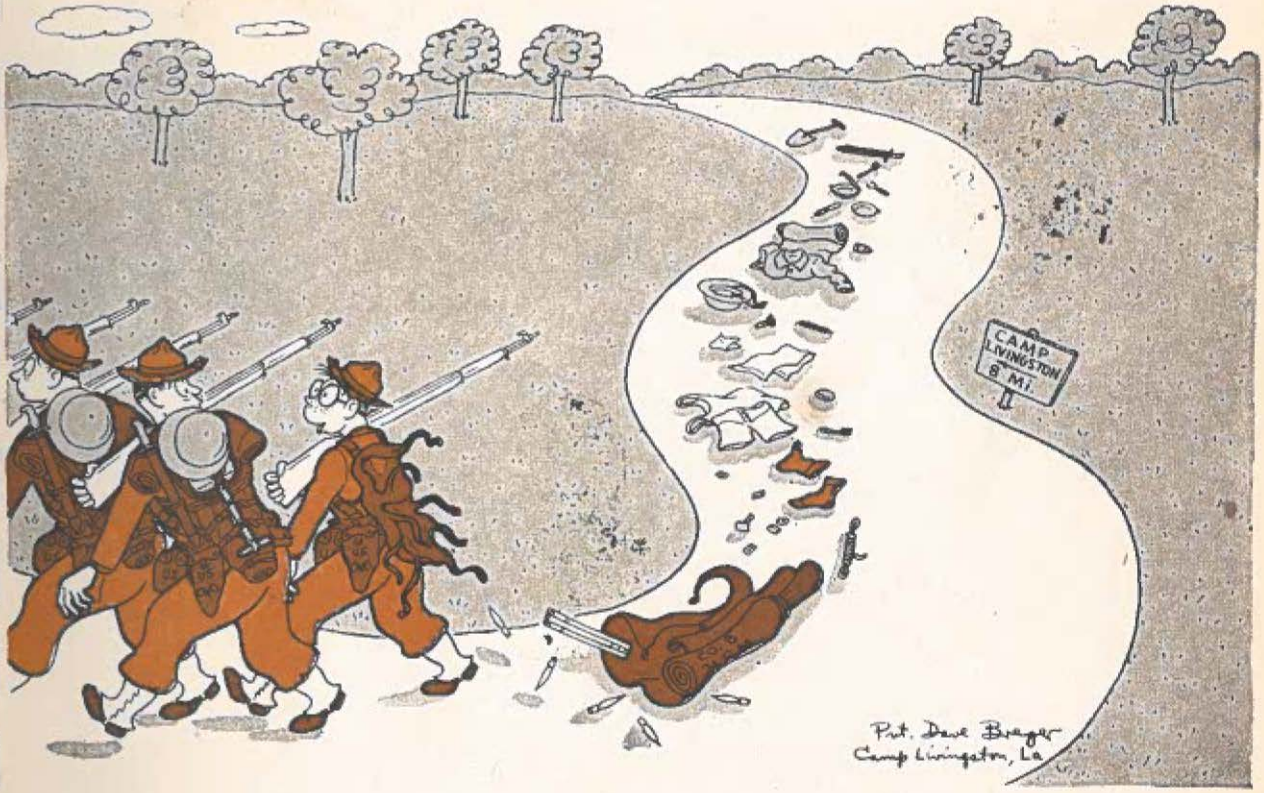
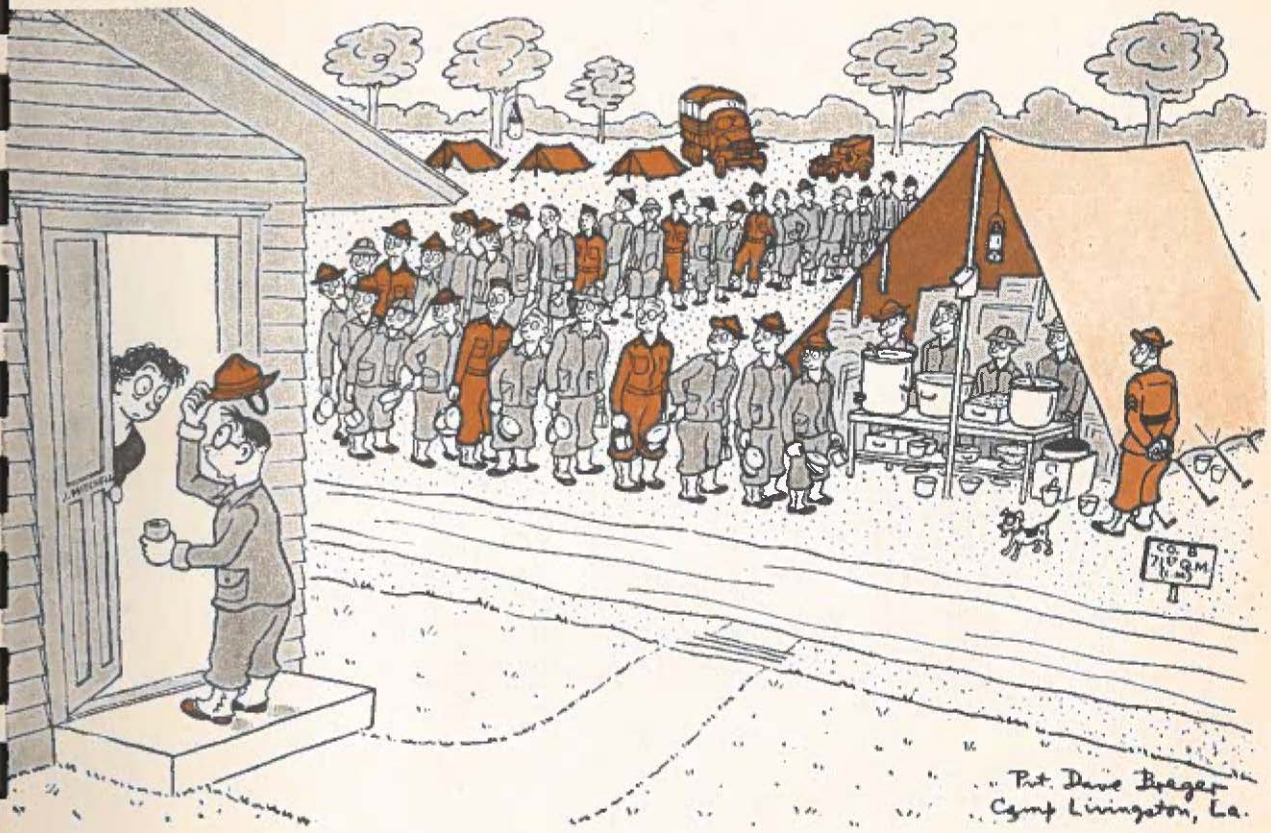
FULL-PACK MARCH

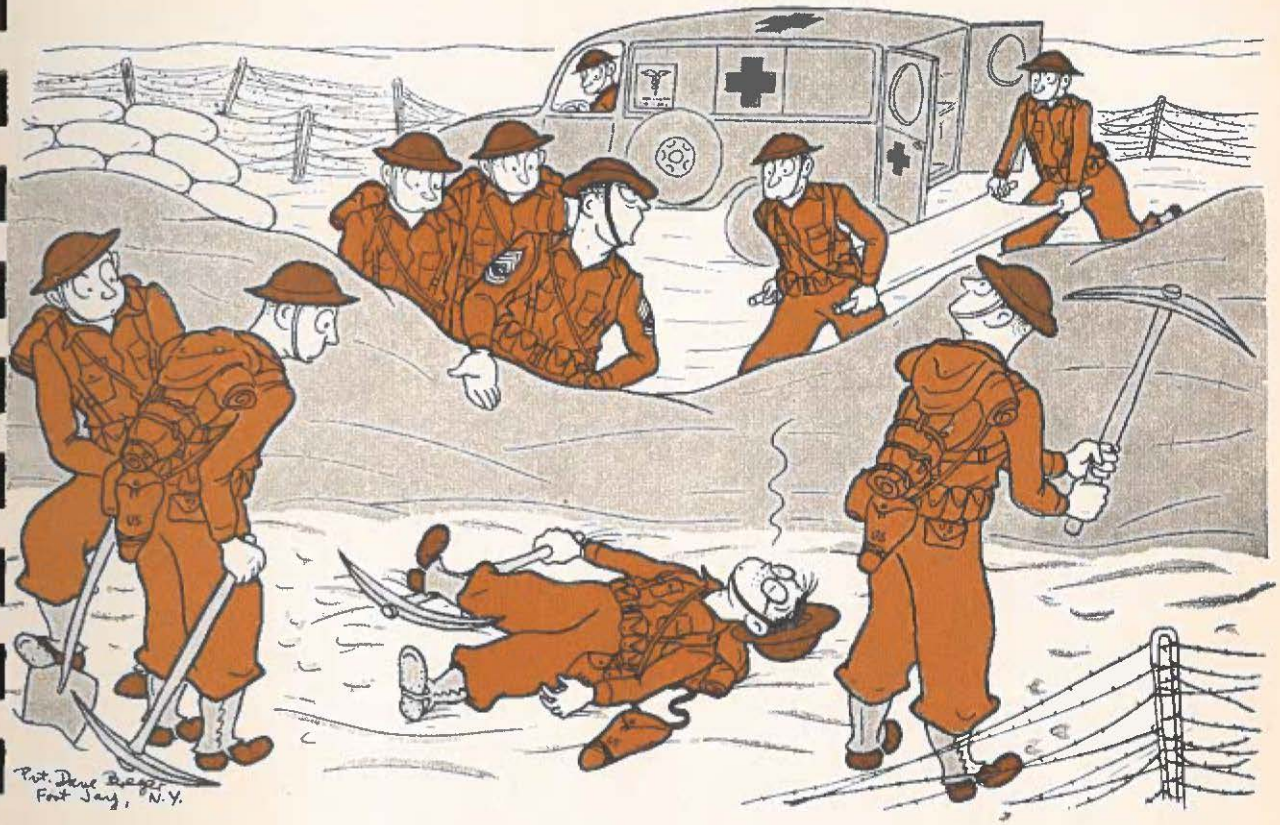


"Funny how you gradually get used to the pack!"

"Boy, are we lucky we weren't sent to some hot and dusty place!"



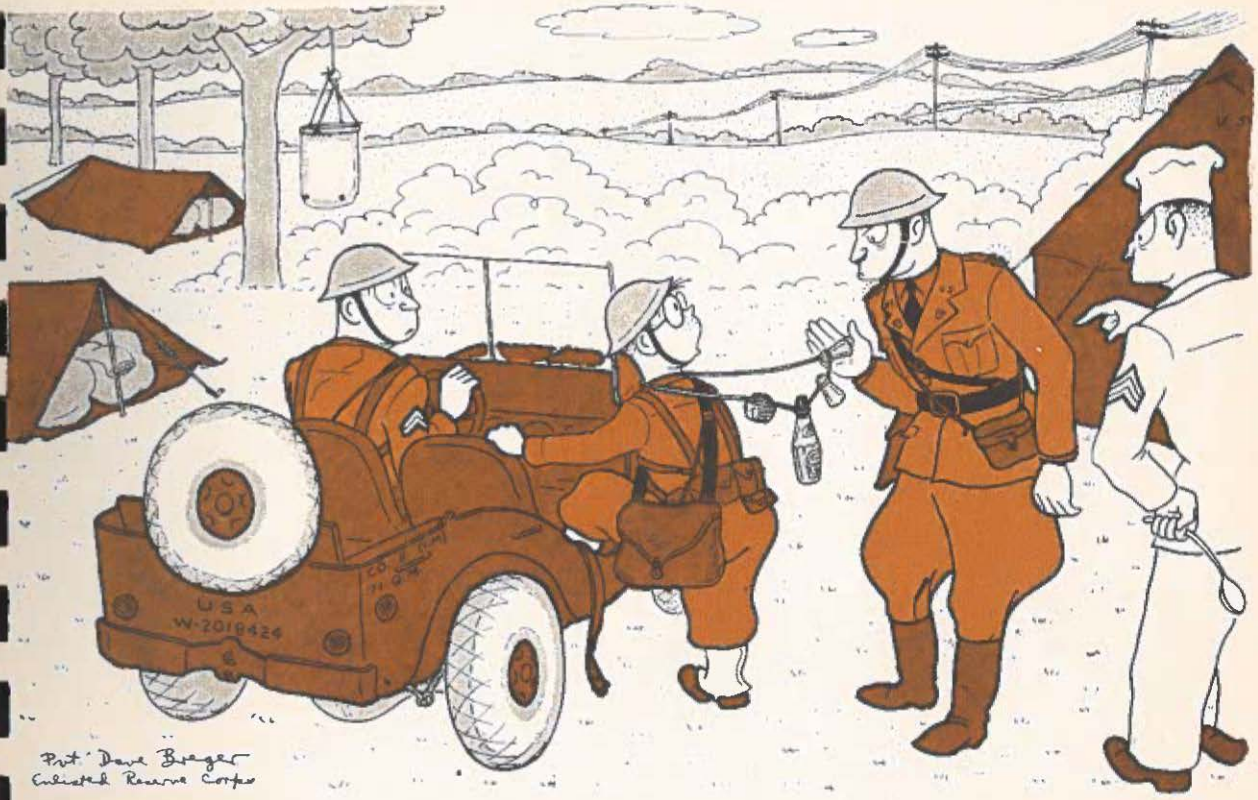
*"Our Mess Sergeant would—er—
like to borrow a cup of sugar."*



"He cut a worm in half and fainted."

"Hope they send us a couple more messages by pigeon!"

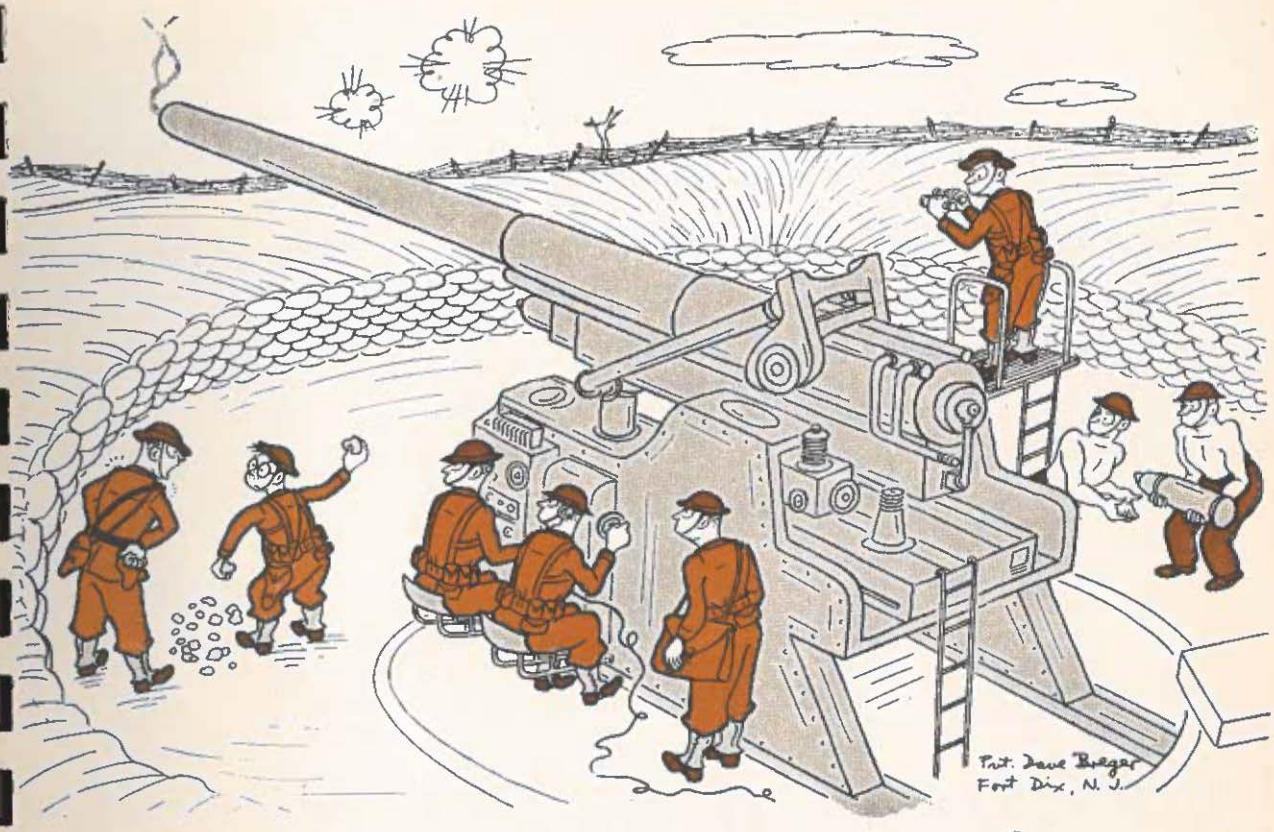
DISPATCH RUNNER



"Salt, pepper, mustard, and catchup, sir—in case we're captured and have to eat the dispatches."

GOLD-BRICKING

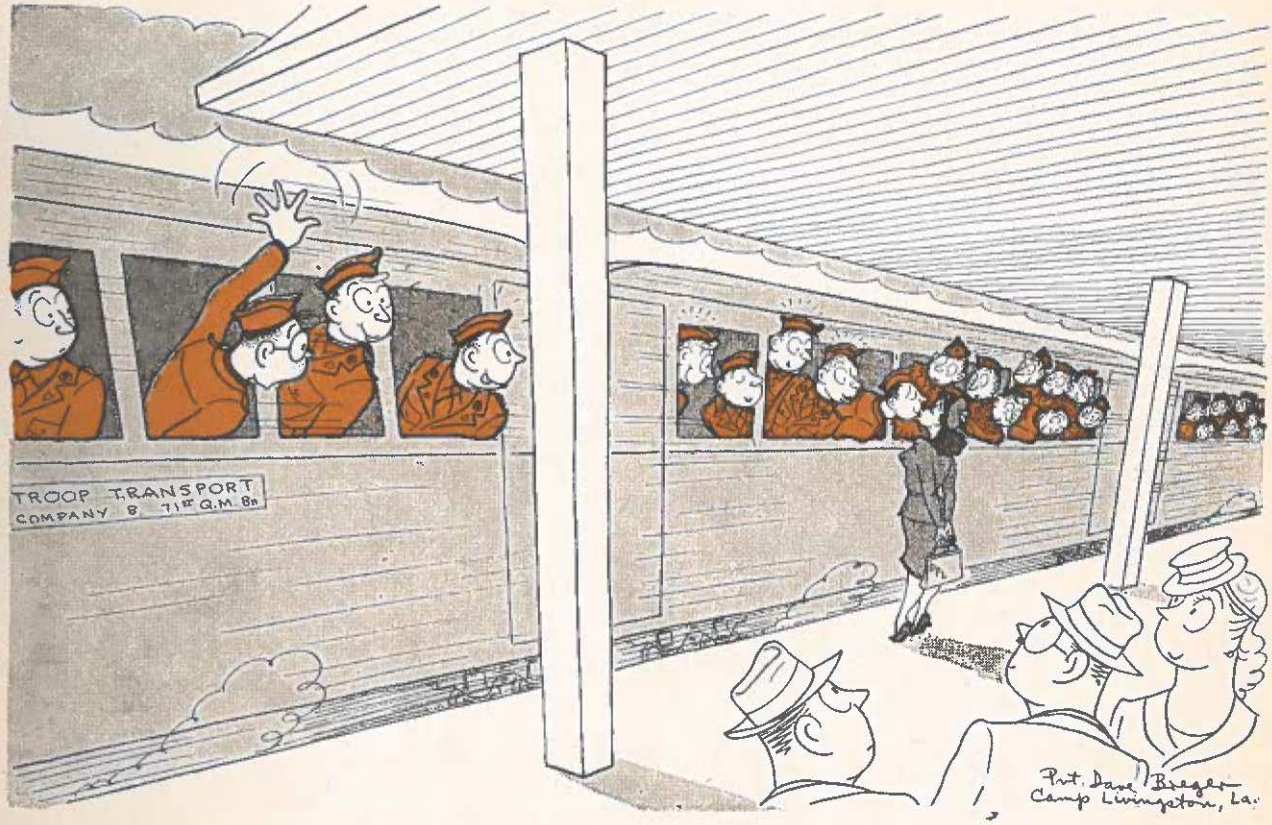
"He claims he's training in case he becomes part of a lost battalion, sir!"



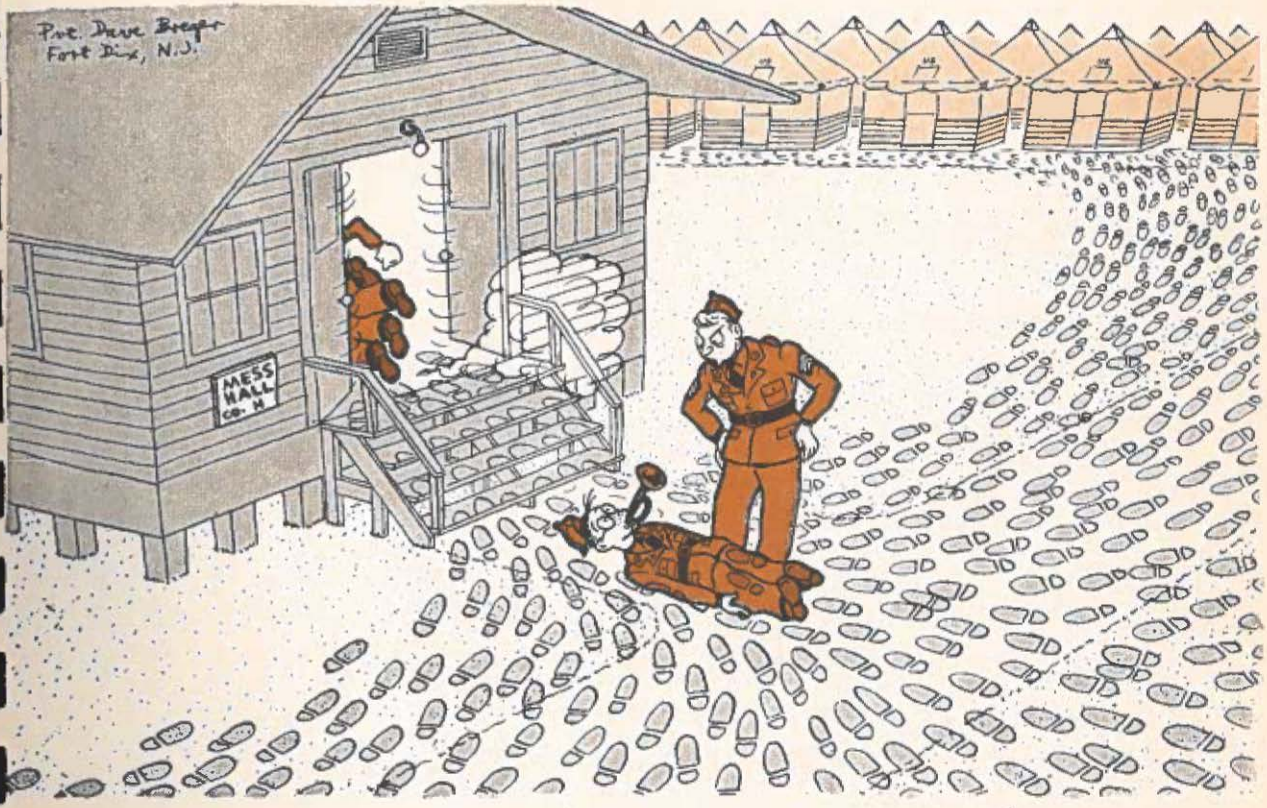
"We admire your spirit, but throwing rocks won't help much!"

RECONNAISSANCE DRILL

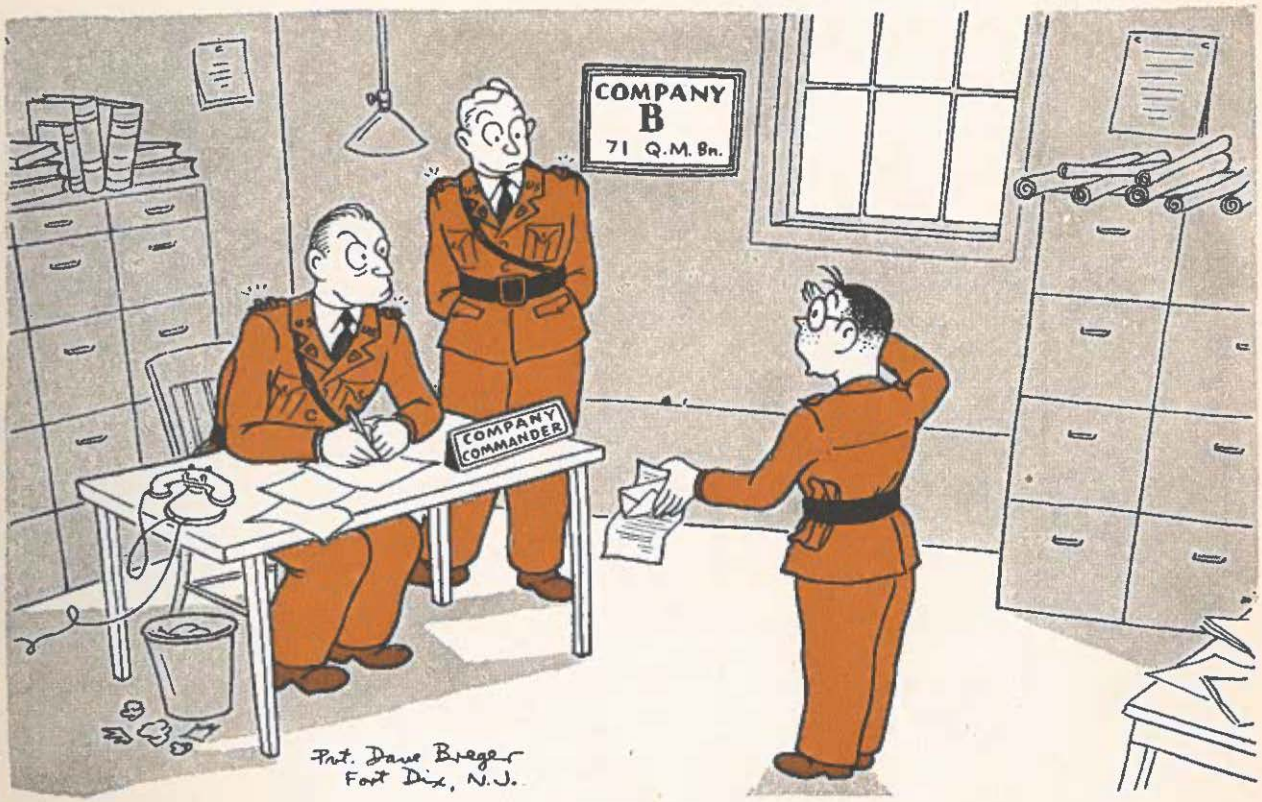
*"He wants permission to remove his mask, sir—
he says he can't hold his breath much longer!"*



"Open your eyes, Dorothy! I've kissed you and gone!"



"Didn't I warn you about blowing the mess bugle right at the entrance?"



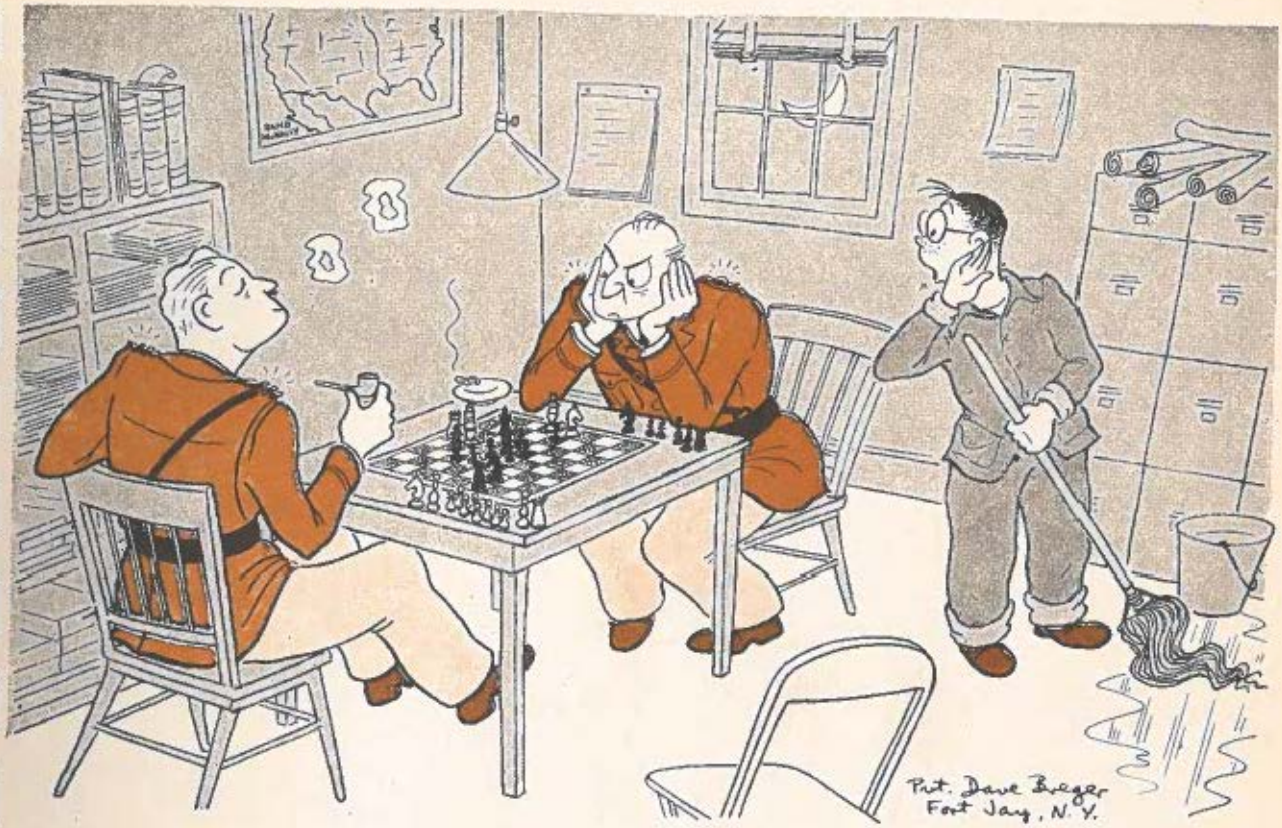
"It's from my mother, sir. She thinks it's time you promoted me to Company A."

OFFICIAL REPORT

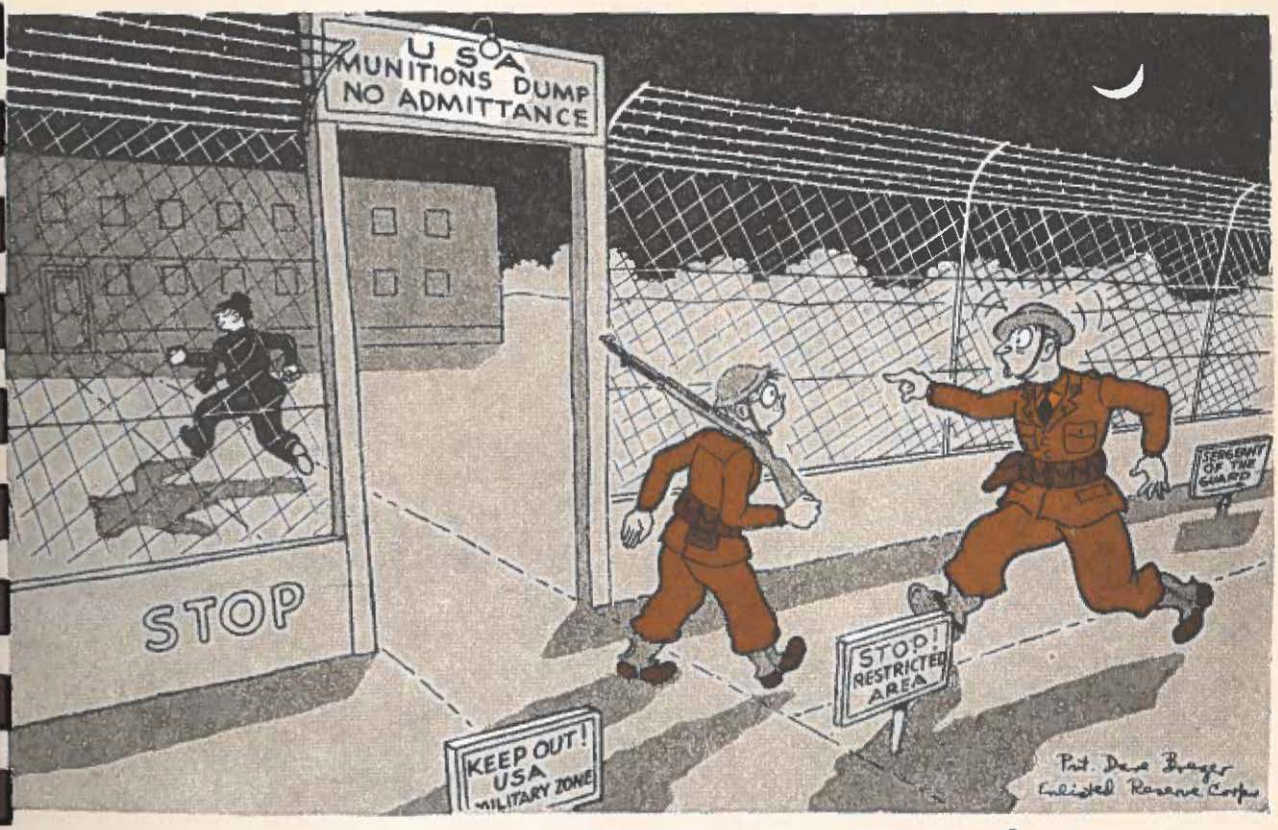
"You'll be needed as witness to testify who was at fault!"

RIFLE INSPECTION

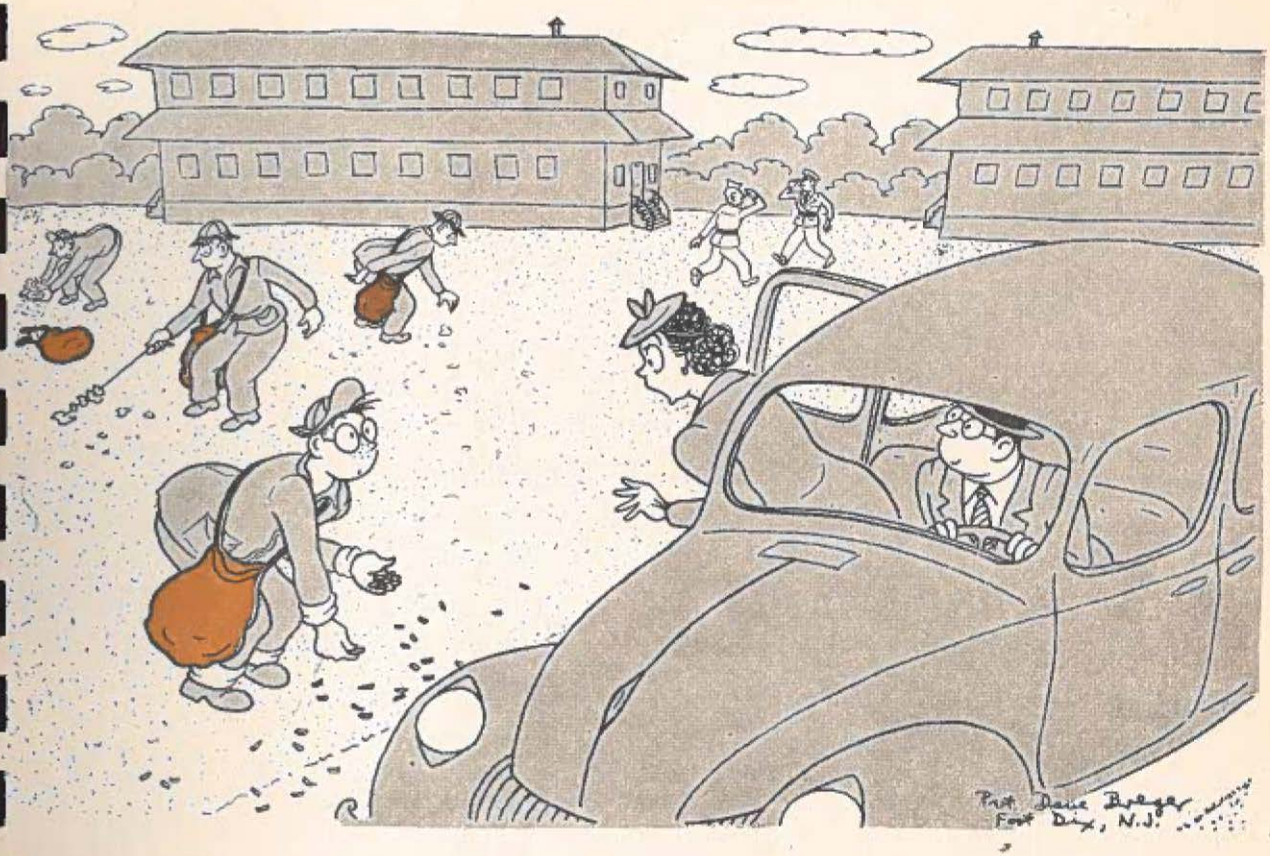
"I fixed Dave's so it'll drip water!"



"Would the right move be worth a corporal's stripes, sir?"

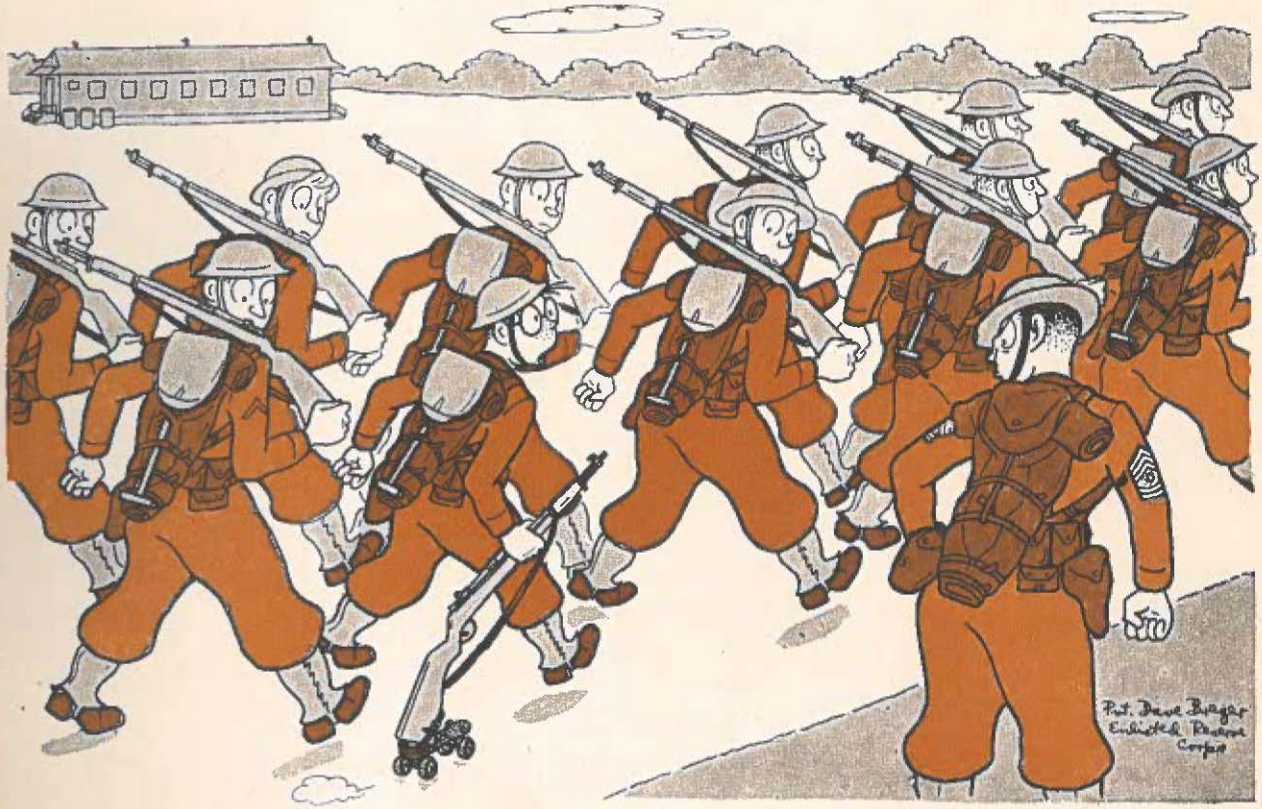


"It's O. K., Sarge—he said he's a taxpayer and just wants to see if we're spending his money right!"



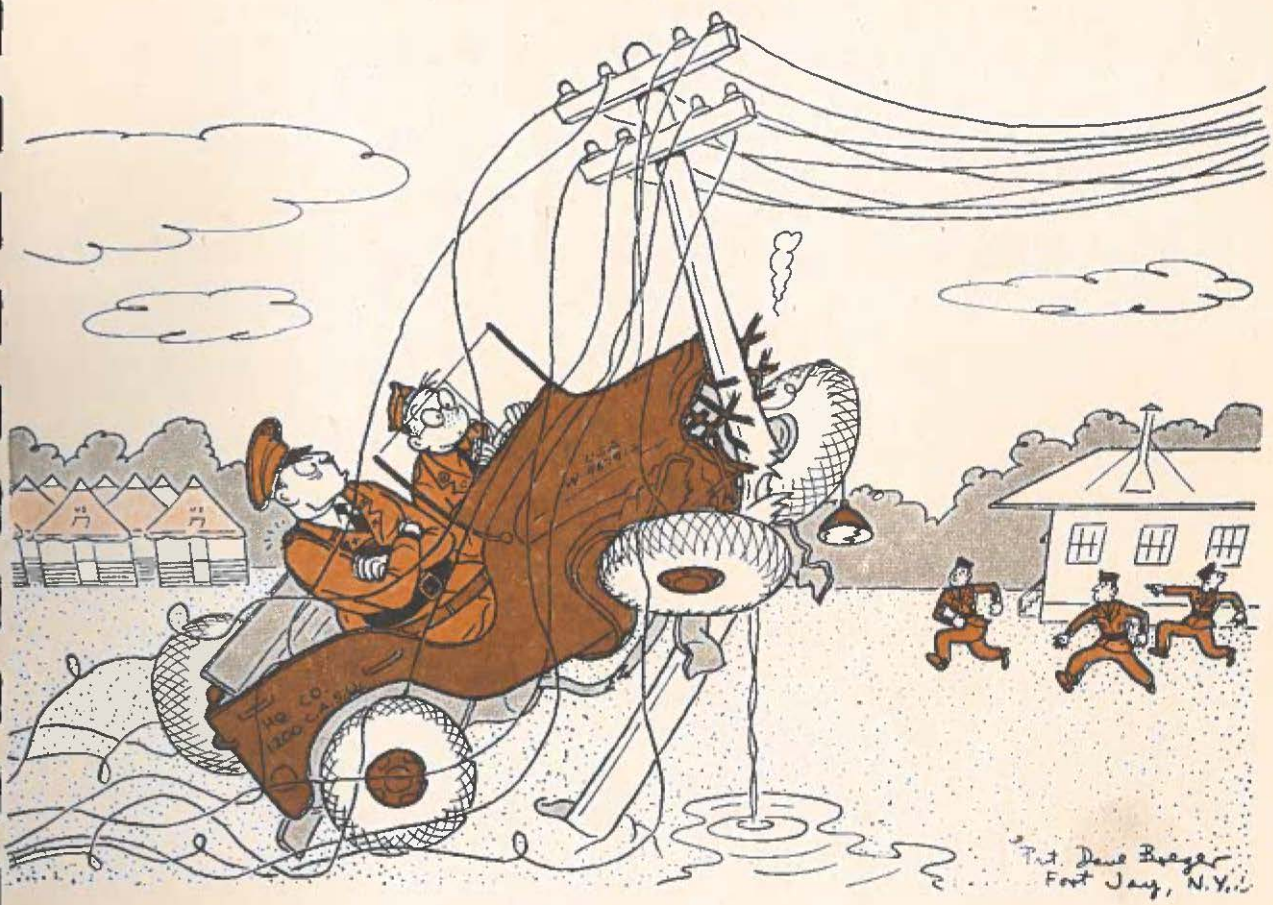
"Good Heavens, David! Why haven't you TOLD us you needed cigarettes!"

"I'm sure this company will be the pride of the Army, Major, with your experience and David's brains!"

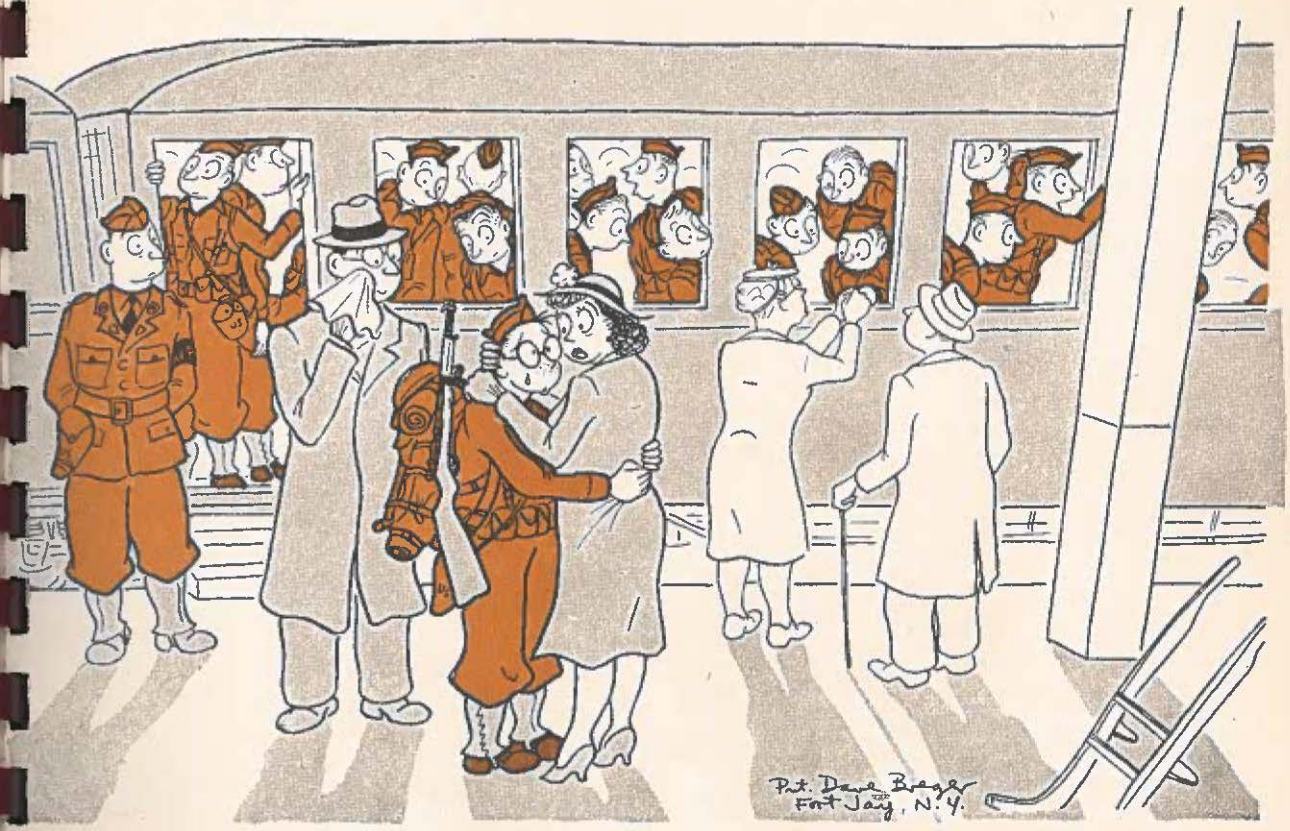


"Well, they do it in the artillery, don't they?"

*"Hey, Joe, bring salt and pepper from the mess hall—
Dave got a roast duck from home!"*



"Well, and is this another thing only a jeep can do?"



"Now don't forget to wire us when you arrive safely at the battle front."

Pvt. Dave Breger
U.S. Army

U.S.